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FROM

SHILOH TO CORINTH.

A STENOGRAPH REPORT OF AFTER-LUNCH SPEECHES

AT THE STATED MEETING OF THE

COMMANDERY OF OHIO

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION

OF THE

UNITED STATES.

FEBRUARY 7, 1894.

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Military Order of the Royal Legion of the United States.

HEADQUARTERS COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF OHIO.

The historical paper read at the stated meeting of this Commandery, held at these headquarters, on Wednesday evening, February 7, 1894, was on the Battle of Corinth, written for the Commandery of Ohio, by Brevet Major-General D. S. Stanley, U. S. A. This paper will appear in volume 4 of the Commandery's series of "Sketches of War History." The routine business of the meeting having been transacted and the historical paper read, the Companions proceeded to the Commandery dining-room, where lunch was promptly served.

The subject for after-lunch addresses was "From Shiloh to Corinth."

By a fortunate circumstance, Brevet Major-General Alexander McDowell McCook, U. S. A., being en route from Washington City to his command—the Department of Colorado—arrived in Cincinnati on the day of our meeting, and was present as the guest of the Commandery.

In the absence of our Commander, Brevet Brigadier-General Benjamin Harrison, the Senior Vice-Commander, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Dawes, presided.

The regular music for the evening was provided, as usual, by the Ohio Commandery Quartette, under the direction of Companion Max Mosler, with Prof. A. J. Boex as piano accompanist, and the Avon Mandolin Club.

The following pages contain a stenograph report of the after-lunch speeches of the evening.

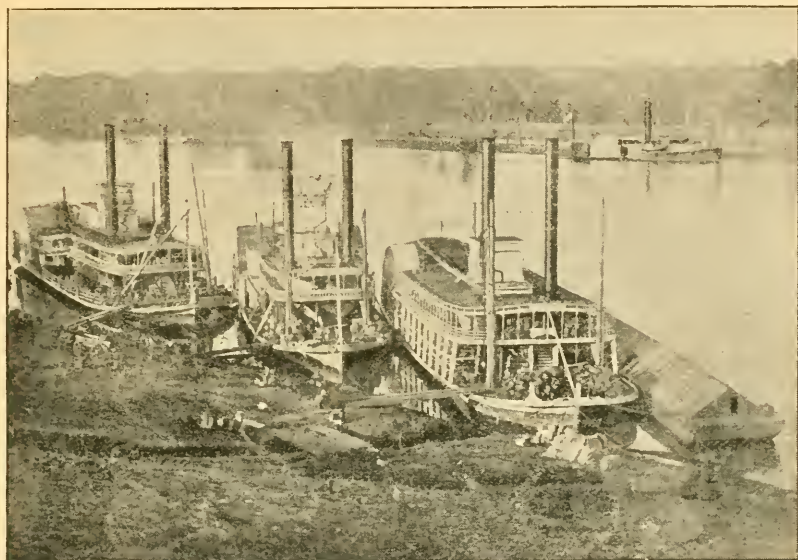
A diligent search failed to find that T. Buchanan Read's song, "The Flag of the Constellation," which was sung by General McCook, had ever been printed with music. It is here printed with the music to which Mr. Read sang it, probably for the first time, and should be sung with special emphasis on the sentiment it contains.

ROBERT HUNTER,

Captain U. S. V.,

Recorder.

CINCINNATI, March 10, 1894.



PITTSBURG LANDING, TENNESSEE.

[From a photograph taken in April, 1862, a few days after the battle.]

Shiloh Church is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, a little south of west, from the landing. The steamer furthest up the stream is the *Universe*, dispatched by the Cincinnati Branch of the Sanitary Commission with stores for the wounded; the next steamer, the *Tigress*, was General Grant's headquarters' boat. On the opposite or east shore [is] the gun-boat *Tyler*.

FROM SHILOH TO CORINTH.

THE SENIOR VICE-COMMANDER—

The subject for discussion to-night is the campaigns from Shiloh to Corinth and about Corinth, in which many of our Companions were engaged. By a happy accident, we have with us the commander of the division which, at the battle of Shiloh, delivered to the Confederate army the final blow which sent it, defeated and disheartened, back whence it came. His well-earned commission, as major-general of volunteers, was given to him for "gallant conduct and distinguished services in the battle of Shiloh and the siege of Corinth." Companions, rise to your feet and drink—long life, health, prosperity, and new honors to our guest of the evening, the prodigal son of the Ohio Commandery, that brave old soldier, General Alexander McDowell McCook.

GENERAL MCCOOK:—

COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS OF THE OHIO COMMANDERY OF THE LOYAL LEGION:—I feel complimented for the warm welcome given me this evening; my nature always revolts when I am called upon to make a speech; therefore, you must accept what I say in conversational style. A man must be low in spirit and weak in mind, if he could not say something to-night to the Companions of the great State of Ohio.

I have been introduced as a prodigal son of this Commandery. My explanation is, if one be needed, that the majority of the Commandery of the State of Kansas desired that I transfer to that Commandery for a missionary purpose. I did so, and upon that basis I was made their Commander.

Being a young organization, they were desirous to have an officer of the regular army at their head; especially one who had held high rank in the volunteer service during the war. One thing I will state here—next to God and my country, I love the State of Ohio. I have great reason to be proud of the state of my birth, and, when the rust is worn away and the brightness of rest comes, the prodigal will return with repentance.

I know there are many Companions belonging here who are not natives of Ohio—we have adopted them, and are proud of them for their citizenship and membership in this Order.

As to the native born, I am sure you all regret that you were not born like me, upon the knobs and under the classic shades of Yaller creek.

My professional duties in the past have required me to travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the Lakes to the Mexican Gulf—meeting all classes of people, and frequent inquiry has been made of me, how it happened that Ohio produced so many great commanders during the period of 1861 to 1865, and furnished so many men who stand to the fore front in the cabinet, in the judiciary, and among the leaders in statesmanship. The answer was: Ohio and its people could not help it; it was an accident of settlement. The counties once known as the Western Reserve were settled by the Puritans. The next counties to the southward were peopled by the Scotch-Irish.

The center tiers of counties were occupied by the cavaliers who came from Jamestown. Not believing in human slavery, they moved over the Ohio river; entering the North-west Territory, they sought their homes and fortunes there.

The southern portion of the state was pioneered by a like people.

The Rhode Island colony located themselves at Marietta. The influences of that settlement are known to all of you. Kentucky is the child of Virginia as to settlement, and many of her people found homes north of the Ohio river.

There were also many Germans who sought and found homes in this rich and fertile state.

History teaches us that these were the people who have held the lead in all that was grand and worth living for. Their battle-cry was: Freedom of thought, freedom of religion, freedom of government, with equality before the law as vital and living principles, and liberty as the cap-sheaf for all.

The intermingling of these strong, vigorous, and virtuous people produced the men that were of suitable age in 1861 to take the lead in all that was needful for the preservation of our Union of States, and the perpetuation of religious and political freedom.

It was my fortune to graduate from the Military Academy in June, 1852. There were seven of us from Ohio in that class. For a slight slip of discipline, Sheridan was suspended a year. The seven were: Sheridan, Crook, Stanley, Kautz, McCook, Chas. R. Woods, and John Nugent. Nugent died at Fort Stilicom, Washington Territory, before the war. All of the others obtained the rank of major-general of volunteers, and five of us have reached the honorable position of general officer in the regular army—a phenomenal record from one class of the Military Academy, and from one state, even though that state be our beloved Ohio.

Speaking of our Order, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, I do not believe there is an association in the world, unless it be the Grand Army of the Republic, that can equal it in disinterested usefulness, patriotism, and in good will toward the people of this country. Patriotic enthusiasm is as necessary to-day as it was in 1861-65. These sentiments should be properly understood and enjoyed throughout the length and breadth of the land.

In these times of peace, we should do all we can in an honorable way to accumulate wealth sufficient to surround our homes with comfort. This is right and the duty of all; but I pray you do not let the thirst for gain, or the accumulation of wealth, deaden your love for that dear old flag for which we have fought. As certain as you do, the money will prove to be vulgar money, and the possessor will prove unworthy of his accumulated wealth.

Let the Loyal Legion keep on its course, and in God's own time—

“The hearts that are true to their country and God
Will meet at the last reveille, my boys.”

THE SENIOR VICE-COMMANDER—

In the paper of General Stanley that was read to-night is a reference to a staff officer as a perennial source of original information. We have a number of gentlemen of the staff with us. Let me ask one of them what military lessons, if any, were taught to the army by General Halleck during the advance to Corinth. Colonel Cornelius Cadle, you have the floor.

COLONEL CADLE—

In moving eighteen miles in thirty-five days, from Shiloh battle field to Corinth, we threw up works every few hundred yards and occupied seven strongly intrenched camps. During the last week of the campaign, when every body except headquarters knew that Beauregard was getting out of Corinth as rapidly as possible, we did the most work in intrenching, and preparations were made, on the day before we marched peacefully into Corinth, to repel an expected assault all along our line.

In this movement we threw up a large amount of dirt. Since then, about an equal amount has been thrown at General Halleck on account of his conduct of that campaign. I appear for the defense, and am glad to have an opportunity to say a word in General Halleck's favor. I have never read his translation of "Jomini's Art of War," but I have no doubt in that abstruse work the rule is laid down, that in an enemy's country, no matter how far distant the enemy may be, an army should always intrench its camp.

General Halleck "builded better than he knew," and for what he did in that siege, or rather, for what he made us do in the line of digging, he is entitled to our thanks and those of the country. He taught us the benefit of earthworks and how to make them, and the potentiality of the work that then seemed, and probably was to a large extent, unnecessary, was stored up in us for our future benefit. What we learned then we put in practical use when most needed, at Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and Atlanta.

When, after Corinth, our army went into position in front of the enemy, it always protected itself with fence-rails, logs, and dirt, without the intervention or assistance of orders or engineers. So, while we may laugh at the futility of most of the work done during that campaign, we must acknowledge the benefit of the lesson taught us.

THE SENIOR VICE-COMMANDER—

General Stanley in his paper pays a glowing tribute to the Sixty-third Ohio regiment, which, at the battle of Corinth, after losing half its men and two-thirds of its officers, closed on its colors and remained in action until its front was cleared. In the left wing of the regiment, one officer alone remained unhurt and he was saved to suffer on another field. He was then a captain; he is now our honored member, General Charles E. Brown, from whom we will all be glad to hear.

GENERAL BROWN—

COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS:—The paper which I heard read to-night in your presence has called up such vivid pictures, I might say living pictures of the scenes of thirty years ago, that I have little in my mind to-night other than that which pertained to our gallant Commander Stanley and the action at Corinth on the 4th of October, 1862, and I do not know that I can add any thing to them of interest that has not been given in that paper. But, as I was there upon the field, I might possibly go into some little details not given by him. It so happened that I was at that time the senior captain of my regiment, the Sixty-third Ohio, the next in rank to Colonel Sprague, who has so recently passed from us; we had been upon duty two nights and two days; we were fatigued and worn out, and yet, on the evening of the 3d of October, two companies were detailed. I was placed in command of them and sent out on the Chewalla road to watch throughout night. We were there under an intense feeling of anticipation, knowing the responsibilities resting upon us, the dangers before us, and the possibilities of the tremendous results of the morrow; we watched silently and carefully; along toward the morning we heard the Confederates planting their batteries on our front; we knew what was going on and remained quiet. I had a platoon drawn up across the road about four o'clock in the morning, it being intensely dark. I could hear and finally see that there were two men riding out from the batteries to where we were drawn up across the road, it being so very dark they could not see us until they came so close it was impossible to retreat. They demanded to know what troops were there. In reply I said, come in and we will introduce you; with that they came in, and we had Captain Tobin and his bugler. The captain was in command of a battery from Memphis, and was a surprised and disgusted man; we sent him to the rear. We went back to the regiment, and then the battle. This is the one battle I can see in my dreams, because it was to me, and to the Sixty-third Ohio, I might say,

the great battle of the war. I can look out now and see those advancing columns of infantry, three, four, five, six, seven, and eight deep; I can remember the yell with which they started, a yell which can not be ascribed to either gods, devils, or men, and once heard can never be forgotten, and how they charged. It looked as though nothing could save us; then it was that a silent prayer of patriotic men went up to the God of heaven to help us in that battle, and He did help us. On they came, not only once, but, again and again, and I can say, braver men I never saw; they came to the very mouths of the cannon, and when the day had gone, the trenches in front of battery Robinette were literally filled with the dead, among whom were General Rogers, Colonel Moore, and a Chaplain who commanded a regiment.* I have a photograph taken on the following day which shows the situation at that time. Wearied and worn, we lay upon the battle field that night; we were exhausted and we slept soundly. It was all wrong for criticisms to be made by any one against General Rosecrans for not following the enemy at once. It was utterly impossible for that command to have moved rapidly that night or even the next morning. They were brave men, and could do any thing that was possible for men to do; more than that could not be expected of them. The next day we were started to follow up the retreating army of Price and Van Dorn. Colonel Sprague was in command of a brigade, and I in command of the Sixty-third Ohio regiment. I remember that the boys hunted around and found a little mustang, upon which I was mounted, and, with the survivors, about enough for two companies of the noble regiment of which more than fifty per cent had been stricken down, we started out to follow the repulsed Confederates. But I have no desire nor time to go into other details. We had noble commanders. There was a mutual confidence between the men and officers, and the natural results of that confidence were good service. I remember a short time afterward, as showing our love for Stanley, our brigade thought it befitting to offer him a kindly testimonial, a horse, equipage, and field glass, and I was chosen to make the presentation address. I remember in my little speech at that time of just a few words that have been suggested to me to-night. I remember these things among others; I said then, in talking to the boys: When this great contest is over, when triumph and peace rest upon our banners, when the right shall have been maintained, when joy and gladness shall have returned to our land, when Ohio,

* All the other commissioned officers of the regiment had been killed or disabled.

our own Ohio, shall be asked of what she has to be proud, may she point to her Rosecrans, her McCooks, and her Stanley, and exclaim in the true and emphatic language of the Mother of the Gracis, "these are my jewels."

I have but one other thought to-night before closing my remarks—we have the pride of having done our duty; we have helped solve some of the great problems of civilization, and I think successfully and finally. But there will be in the coming history of this nation still other great and important problems to solve, and it must rest upon the rising generation; these young men here, our sons, to take our place in that work; and it is a part of our duty to educate them in this, and to bring them here, every one. I had a noble boy, the pride and ambition of my life, whom I hoped to bring into this Order, and here teach him patriotism and duty, and when a few months ago I laid the dead body of that darling boy in Spring Grove, I felt that my heart was broken; but I have another and younger son, whom I shall bring here, if you will accept him and ask him to abide with you, learn with you, and go forward with you in fighting the great patriotic, moral and intellectual battles of our common country.

THE SENIOR VICE-COMMANDER—

At the time General Beauregard's army evacuated Corinth there was much discussion as to who was the first Union soldier to enter the Confederate works. There were many claimants for the honor, such as it was, but the real hero was not then discovered. I know, however, who he was, and I am now going to tell his name. He was an Ohio soldier, of course. He survived the war. He belongs to this Commandery. He is present to-night. Dr. William R. Thrall, rise in your place and tell how it happened that you entered Corinth, the advance guard of the great army.

DR. THRALL—

COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS:—I presume the Commander is alluding to a visit I made in Corinth a little prematurely; nevertheless, as I look back, I remember there were events there of some interest to me. The campaign which has been alluded to in the paper to-night, should have had for its title, "Tishomingo County, Mississippi, and the Scenes Therein Enacted." Perhaps in the history of the war there is no piece of territory upon which were enacted more magnificent specimens of heroism, of greater sufferings in war, or where the strength of patriot-

ism has been brought to a more severe test, than that which took place in Tishomingo county, Mississippi.

The battle of Shiloh was followed by almost daily skirmishes up to the final evacuation of Corinth, including the battle of Farmington, which was an armed reconnoissance of 10,000 men under General Pope sent to ascertain the exact position of the enemy, with instructions to not bring on a general engagement, and to leave no dead or wounded on the field. It was in this expedition that I made the unsought acquaintance of the First Missouri Confederate Infantry.

The instructions in regard to the movement of our ambulances were to keep in the rear of the line, so that in case of need we would be close at hand, and would not be left unprotected. It was a pretty difficult thing to engineer a number of ambulances along the rear of a battle-line; beside there were no roads, but plenty of gullies and swamp lands to cross, consequently we had to feel our way around in the rear; and while engaged in that work I met with my invitation. The ambulances had come to a point where they had to stop until some road could be picked out upon which they could travel, and I had to reconnoiter a mile or two before I discovered a passable way, and having done so, I sent back an orderly to bring the ambulances forward. I waited some considerable time, and not hearing from my dispatch or seeing the ambulances, I finally became impatient, and mounted my horse and went at a gallop around through a straggling thicket of woods. The road was as crooked as you could possibly conceive it to be, and before I knew where I was going I ran into the First Missouri Infantry. I came upon them without knowing they were there, and at no greater distance from me than the length of this room. I had passed the first six companies of this regiment, giving each of them a military salute, and thought I was about to get through, when I was halted by the lieutenant-colonel, who desired to know who I was and to what command I belonged. I very candidly told him. He said that he would be compelled to relieve me of my side-arms. I said I had nothing but a pocket pistol. He asked me to turn it over. I unbuckled my holsters and took out a quart bottle of *spiritus frumenti*. He stepped forward, and having smelled of it once or twice, he drew a full charge. I told him that I did not see the necessity of my staying with him, and asked to be relieved. He concluded that would not be safe, and insisted upon my going into Corinth. I was taken to General Van Dorn's headquarters. He came out of his tent and looked at me, then turned me over to General Beauregard. I went to General Beauregard's quarters, but did not find him in. He had a chief of staff named

General Jordau, who was a very courteous gentleman, and who treated me very kindly and invited me to supper. At the supper-table we were discussing where we came from, and I found he was from Ohio. When he inquired for the family names and I told him, he said: "I know them well." He asked me where I was married. I told him in Zanesville, and who. I asked him where he had married, and he told me, and who; and I said that I knew the family well. After thus passing along to this point I began to feel that I was calling among friends. He sent for General Beauregard's medical director and asked him to take care of me. The medical director assigned me quarters at the Tishomingo Hotel Hospital. It was then about nine o'clock at night. He took me to a room and introduced me to a Federal officer who had been wounded near the shoulder joint, who was sitting up in bed, and asked him if he had any objection to rooming with a comrade; and he then introduced me to Captain McCormick, who is a member of this Commandery, and whom you all know. I spent most of that night discussing with the captain how I got there and listening to the story of how he got there, and found that both of us had been reported dead or missing. I was paroled the next morning and allowed the freedom of that part of the town. During one of those long days there was a number of wounded brought in, the result of an unfortunate mistake. It seems that, in the darkness of the night before, two detachments of their cavalry, mistaking each other for enemies, opened a vigorous fire with disastrous results, and considerable surgery was necessitated. They invited me to assist in the operations, which I did. To my surprise, I learned that there was not an ounce of chloroform or ether in the hospital, so that those poor fellows had to suffer under the operations without the soothing effect of an anesthetic.

The battle of Corinth, as described in General Stanley's paper to-night, was lead up to through the marching and counter-marching of large bodies of troops for days previous to the fight, and is to me as vivid a reminder of the scenes at that time, as I could wish. I am surprised at the memory of men in recalling these occurrences in detail. I remember distinctly the night of the first day's battle, and the horrible scenes in that Tishomingo Hotel Hospital—General Hackleman slowly dying, and General Oglesby fearfully wounded. Here I closed the eyes of Colonel Baker, of Iowa. The next day was a remarkable one, and the description of the rebel troops charging into the town, and the turning around of the guns of Fort Robinette, and the long sweep into the house where Rosecrans had his headquarters. There is a little incident that

would indicate vividly the strain upon the endurance of men in active battle.

About 11 o'clock at night, after the cessation of hostilities on the first day of the battle of Corinth, an officer of General Rosecrans' staff, who had been in the saddle since early morning, laid down on his cot to rest, in the house occupied by the general as his headquarters. It was a typical Southern residence—one story high, surrounded by porches. After he had fallen into a deep sleep, and about midnight, word was sent to the general that a rebel battery was being posted so as to shell the town at break of day. Whereupon, the general and his staff removed out of range, but no one thought to awaken the sleeping officer. At 3 o'clock this battery opened fire, and hour after hour the fight grew hotter and hotter. The artillery verily shook the earth. The guns of Fort Robinette poured shot into house and yard that killed more than twenty rebels, and still he slept. At 11 A. M. the battle ceased, but it was late in the afternoon before he aroused and rubbed his eyes, and seeing those dead rebels lying in the yard, he then began wondering what had become of the rest of the Union Army. That officer was Captain Byron Kirby, formerly of this city. During the time he lay there sleeping a shot passed within four inches of his head, a shot which passed clear through the room, and by laying him down on the cot the fact was clearly demonstrated. It only shows how weary the men were after the first day's fight, and what must have been their condition after the second day of the battle.

THE SENIOR VICE-COMMANDER—

The division of General T. A. Davies, of General Rosecrans' army, bore the brunt of the battle of Corinth on the first day, and was again heavily engaged on the second day. Major W. H. Chamberlin's command was in that division. I will call upon him to relate some incidents of its action.

MAJOR CHAMBERLIN—

COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS:—I read with a great deal of pleasure the paper by General Stanley. I do not propose to weary you with any extended account, taken from my standpoint, that of a subordinate line officer in one of the regiments of General Davies' division, but there are several things in connection with that battle which seem to me quite peculiar and interesting. In the first place, it is a fact that we did not put into practice the lessons that Colonel Cadle says we learned

during the advance in making fortifications. It will be observed from General Stanley's paper that the battle was fought without intrenchments, except for the artillery, and, although there was sufficient time in which any commander of enlisted men in the campaign of 1864 would have intrenched, no effort in that direction was made. It was a fair, square, stand-up fight between two sets of as brave men as were found anywhere during the war.

Another matter that caused a good deal of feeling at the time, and which has not been wholly quieted yet, was the conduct of the division to which I belonged in the second day's fight. General Davies, the commander, from that day until the day of his death, cherished bitter feelings toward General Rosecrans. The ground was the action and language of General Rosecrans in the presence of General Davies' troops, not any personal insult to General Davies himself. In a great many of the reports of newspapers of that day, the action of the Second Division was exaggerated into the most disgraceful conduct that could be charged against a soldier. It is not unnatural that members of that division should feel hurt under such accusation. I am glad to see in General Stanley's paper that there is no extended reference to this bitterness. General Stanley was not a party to the affair; it was between Davies and Rosecrans. But I would like to say that the conduct of that division upon that day was not unusual, not unnatural; that it is not to be wondered at by any one, and it did not indicate that the men connected with it were lacking in personal bravery. Of course, in any command, unless one of exceptional character, there are individuals who lose their heads and bravery, if they ever had any, whenever an occasion of danger arises; and I do not say that every man in the whole division did his whole duty, but I do say that the bulk of the men performed their duty upon that day, and that their action was not an unusual or disgraceful one.

The regiment to which I belonged, when the first shock of the battle came upon them, was lying in column by companies in reserve. It was put behind a low ridge, upon which the main line of battle was posted, and not fifty yards in rear of the line. The first intimation that my regiment had of the approach of the enemy was the sight of the gray line itself swarming upon the top of that ridge. At the same time our artillery rushed through our ranks, and several men of my company were run over and wounded by the artillery caissons. There was, of course, confusion, but there was no flight. I will qualify that by saying there may have been individuals who rushed to places of safety, but the

body of the command went back slowly until they reached a point where a rally was possible. Then the command did rally and moved back over the ground it had left, and, by the help and action of the troops on the right and left, succeeded in driving the enemy back to and beyond their original battle line.

This was not the act of troops in a panic. The line passed over the ridge and drove the enemy in retreat far beyond where our line was in the morning. Soon after, I went down among the wounded in that valley of slaughter, and had the opportunity of picking up Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, of a Mississippi regiment, who commanded a brigade. I think he was reported to have been in advance of his brigade when wounded, and I assisted him to the field hospital. He died subsequently at Corinth.

The bravery of the Confederate troops at that point I think can not be overstated; they ran into what seemed to be absolute and certain destruction. If Davies' line had been ordered to withdraw as it did, the result could not have been better. It drew the enemy in between two converging fires, in low ground, swept by Rosecrans' entire infantry and artillery forces. No living organization could have survived in that situation. The ground was covered with dead and dying. Such a slaughter I never saw, except at a little spot on the battle field of Atlanta. Of the Confederate troops who penetrated into Corinth, few escaped alive.

I think that the feeling to which I refer has considerably died out. I know that every soldier who fought through the war, and who looks back to the experience of the troops at that time, sees clearly that there was no panic, there was no cowardice, there was nothing that could have justly caused such feeling as existed between Rosecrans and Davies at that time. Both of these men were excited with the responsibilities of the situation. Rosecrans felt the desperate straits following what he for the moment felt was the ignominy of defeat in the center of his line of battle, and, I have no doubt, felt that his time of service was about to end. He happened to be at that point, and doubtless felt that all was lost. That he should be, in the midst of such a scene as that, excitable and harsh, and that he should do and say things for which he should afterward make amends, is not at all unnatural.

One thing to be considered in passing judgment upon the conduct of Davies' division on that day is that it had been engaged almost the whole of the preceding day in fierce battle. The men had been roused at daylight, and had marched out some three miles or more to meet the enemy. The division numbered but three thousand men, yet it undertook to cover

a line immeasurably beyond its capacity. It met and checked during the day, in five lines of battle, almost the entire rebel army, and finally, under the guns of battery Robinette, late in the afternoon, it met an attack by the enemy vastly outnumbering its reduced condition, and, I am glad to say, drove him from the field in as gallant a charge as was ever made.

I shall never forget the scene at that time, when General R. J. Oglesby, our brigade commander, was wounded. Early in the day, when his little attenuated line had been overwhelmed by an overpowering force of the enemy, and had been compelled to retire, General Oglesby was the most completely discouraged man I ever saw. He did not appear to have realized that his little brigade would have been annihilated by the vastly superior force of the enemy if it had held its place. He only seemed to feel that there was disgrace in the discretion which prevented capture. He had been a politician and was a good orator. When his troops had been gathered together, which was quickly done, he could not resist the temptation to make a brief speech. With the deepest earnestness, he announced that we would stand where we were against whoever came. Rising in fervor as he viewed in imagination the impending conflict, he said: "Boys, I expect every one of you to stand firm, and if there is any dying to be done, I want you to understand that I am going to die with you." There was no mistaking his earnestness, but that was not the place to test it. He was ordered to fall back nearer Corinth, and did so, as I have already said, until the final stand was made before Robinette. There, after lying under a vicious shelling, the order to charge on the enemy, already referred to, was given. The order, as I have said, was most gallantly executed. General Oglesby's hour of triumph had come. As he saw our banners advancing through the smoke of our guns, and the enemy driven back, his soul seemed to be in an ecstasy of joy. Riding down the lines, he waved his sword and shouted at the top of his voice, until struck by an enemy's bullet. He thought the wound mortal, as did others, but he said to one near him that he could die content, for he had seen his troops in victory.

It was in this movement that General P. A. Hackleman, another brigade commander, was killed. This charge ended the fighting for the day.

The Second Division in this first day's operations had lost one-third of its number. One brigade commander had been killed, and two others were disabled by wounds. General Stanley's paper has pictured the suffering endured by reason of heat, dust, and want of water. The remaining divisions had been comparatively free from engagement on the first day,

and General Davies suggested to Rosecrans that the troops of the Second Division should be spared on the next day. General Rosecrans ordered them in reserve, but the order proved to be an injury instead of a blessing, for it required until after ten o'clock to get into the reserve position, and at eleven o'clock General Rosecrans changed his plan and ordered Davies' division to a place in the center of the front line. The execution of this last order kept the men in wearisome marching and waiting until three o'clock in the morning. Upon this battle-torn and physically exhausted little division the weight of the first attack fell on the second day. There was no dishonor in its temporary recoil, especially, when rallying in good time, it moved back to its place and sent the enemy in flight before its guns.

THE SENIOR VICE-COMMANDER—

We received into the Commandery to-night the elder son of one of our Companions, with whose brilliant record as a musket-bearing soldier, officer of the line and the staff we are all familiar. Major Frank J. Jones, please tell us of your feelings upon this occasion as well as something upon the topic of the evening.

MAJOR JONES—

COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS OF THE LOYAL LEGION :—It is always a very great pleasure for me to attend the meetings of the Loyal Legion, but it is especially gratifying to me to be present to-night to witness the installation of my son as a member of our Commandery, and to meet again, surrounded by these very agreeable circumstances, my esteemed friend, General McCook, upon whose staff I had the honor to serve during the war while he was in command of the old Twentieth Army Corps, and it is with cordial congratulation I notice that he is enjoying perfect health.

These meetings are not only full of personal enjoyment to all of us, but they are of great value, for they freshen and revive the recollection of many important events of the war which might otherwise be forever forgotten, as well as strengthen the ties of friendship and bond of fellowship which unite those who participated in the struggle for the preservation of this glorious Union. The associations of my three and a half years' service in the army are very dear to me, and it is with never-failing interest and delight I recall the names of my Comrades and the exciting incidents of the campaigns in Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia in which I took part. The subject for re-

marks this evening is, "From Shiloh to Corinth," a most important and eventful period of the war.

I served in the battle of Shiloh on the staff of General Wm. Sooy Smith, who commanded the Seventeenth Brigade of the Army of the Ohio, my regiment, the Thirteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, being a part of that brigade. After the battle of Shiloh I continued to serve with General Smith during the advance upon and the entire campaign which resulted in the evacuation of Corinth. Well do I remember our experience at this time, and especially the excitement in our army the night before the retreat of the rebels from that wretched town. The noise and turmoil made by our enemy on the eve of their evacuation of this place was so great that we had a right to believe something startling awaited us; either a battle or a hasty pursuit. The strategic importance of the capture of Corinth, in the estimation of some of our commanders, may be understood from the remark made by General Halleck, that the downfall of the Rebellion might be dated from that event. The error of this calculation was made apparent by subsequent developments. In fact, as we well know, the succeeding years of the war were marked with an increasing series of hard-fought battles, each of which had an important influence in the decline of the power and strength of the rebels.

As I look around this room this evening, and notice the gray hairs on the faces and heads of many of those present, I realize that ere long the mantle of dignity and the responsibility of keeping up this Association will rest upon the shoulders of the eldest sons of our original Companions as soon as they become of the proper age, and the prospect should be gratifying to them, as well as to ourselves. Here they may learn to love their country, and by the example of their fathers receive an inspiration which will prompt them to do their duty as good and brave citizens when their country demands their services; and whenever our national honor and welfare are in peril, I have confidence in the spirit and courage of our sons, and believe these American youths will come forward to fulfill their part with the same willingness and readiness their fathers did more than twenty-five years ago.

The Loyal Legion is in fact a school of patriotism, and I regard the provision for its maintenance and perpetuation by our sons as wise and commendable.

THE SENIOR VICE-COMMANDER—

We have long known there was no more capable or gallant soldier than General McCook. We now know that he is entitled to a place in

the front rank of after-dinner speakers. He has other accomplishments. I have confidential information that he can sing.

GENERAL MCCOOK—

The people of Cincinnati should have pleasant memories of T. Buchanan Read; he lived amongst them for a number of years.

He was a lyric poet and artist. He was a thorough patriot—not a soldier—but he and James E. Murdoch did much for the Union cause, with lectures, recitations, etc., assisting the Sanitary Commission.

In 1860, Read was passing the winter in Rome, Italy. News of political troubles in his native land reached him and gave him much distress. He there wrote, early in 1861, "The Flag of the Constellation," a lyric adapted to the music of "Sparkling and Bright."

Read determined to leave Italy for his home in Ohio. Reaching Liverpool, England, in July, 1861, the poets and artists of that city gave him a dinner. The aristocracy and bloods of England were hostile to all American interests, and were delighted with the prospect of an interstate war in America. The guests joked Read upon the subject, saying that the Southrons would whip all the Yankees of the North, and the Republic would only live in history as a thing of the past. Read was only one to twenty in the discussion, but held his own. Near the close of the dinner dispatches from the United States came, and were read, containing an account of the first battle of Bull Run, one of them being from the New York Herald.

Read was sad. He asked to see the dispatch from the New York Herald. After reading it he said:

"Gentlemen—I believe the news contained in this dispatch to be true. I am sorry for it, but there is one fact connected with that battle that I want you all to remember, and that is, there were no Englishmen against us in that battle. It took our own people to do that."

He then sang the song he wrote before leaving Rome, "The Flag of the Constellation," which I will now sing for you:

THE
FLAG OF THE CONSTELLATION.

BY
T. BUCHANAN READ.

1861.



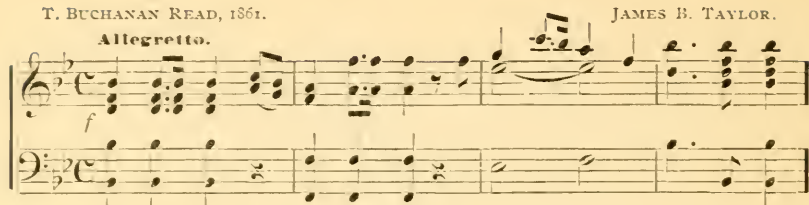
MUSIC BY
JAMES B. TAYLOR.

THE FLAG OF THE CONSTELLATION.

T. BUCHANAN READ, 1861.

JAMES B. TAYLOR.

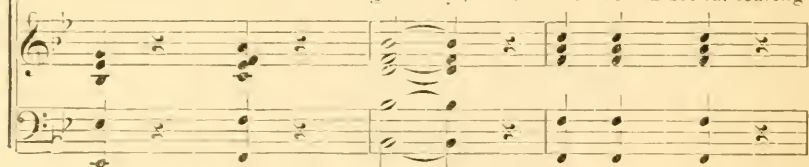
Allegretto.



1. The stars of the morn on our ban - ner borne, With the
2. What hand so bold as to strike from its fold, One
3. Its me - te - or form shall ride the storm 'Till the
4. Peace, peace to the world, is our mot - to un-furled, Tho' we



i - ris of Heav - en are blend - ed; The hands of our sires first
star or one stripe of its bright'ning To him be those stars each a
fierc - est of foes sur - ren - der; The storm gone by it shall
shun not the field that is go - ry; At home or a - broad, fearing



mingled those fires; And by us they shall be de - fend - ed.
fier - y Mars, And each stripe a ter - ri - ble light -'ning.
gild the sky, A rain - bow of peace and of splen - dor.
none but our God, We will carve our own path - way to glo - ry.



Chorus.

Then hail the true, The Red, White and Blue, The flag of the Con - stel -

la - tion; It sails as it sailed, by our

fore - fa - thers hailed, O'er bat - tles that made us a na - tion.

Loud and long-continued applause followed General McCook's singing, and, being again called out, he said :

I have another incident in mind of which I know old soldiers will like to hear an account.

The Eighth Regiment of United States Infantry was assembled at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, for the purpose of joining the army of occupation under General Zachary Taylor at Corpus Christi, Texas, a day having been set for the departure of the regiment; during the morning of that day, one of their most beloved officers, Major Shepard, died of cholera. The burial took place in the afternoon. The regiment marched out to the cemetery, deposited their loved one in the ground, fired the three volleys over the grave, when they marched to the landing and boarded the steamboats waiting there to carry them to New Orleans, where they took the sea transports for Corpus Christi. Being several days upon the gulf, and nearing the entrance to Aransas Bay, a small steamer came out and hailed them, telling them Ampudia and La Vega had crossed the Rio Grande, and were marching to attack Taylor's base at Corpus Christi.

Excitement prevailed on the transports, but a young lieutenant, Arthur T. Lee, retired to his cabin, and was engaged there for a time. Young Lee was given to song and poetry.

It was after supper; the officers were in the fore-castle smoking. The moon was shining brightly, as it can shine only with such brilliancy in those latitudes, when several spoke—"Come, Lee, give us a song."

Standing upon that deck, with the phosphorescent waves around him, Lee sang the song known thereafter to the army as "Aransas Bay," the verses and music of which he had written and composed during the afternoon. Lee taught me the music, and I will sing his song for you.

ARANSAS BAY.

There is light on the wave, the moon shines bright,

Pass the bowl, fling sorrow away, my boys.

If the breeze holds on, we will rock to-night

On the waves of Aransas Bay, my boys.

We have slept in the calm, we have laughed in the gale,

We have danced by the moon's pale light, my boys,

By to-morrow's dawn, if the breeze holds on,

We'll bid farewell to the sea, my boys.

Chorus.

Then pass round the bowl, the moon shines bright;
Our wild campaign has begun, my boys,
We'll drink to all a glad good-night.
And to-morrow, we'll fight if we may, my boys.

Light hearts we bring to this stranger land.
Though a shadow has hung o'er us late, my boys,
We'll drain our cups with a steady hand.
And smile, whate'er be our fate, my boys.
Some of us must lie 'neath the prairie sod.
Some will go back o'er the sea, my boys,
But the hearts that are true to their country and God
Will meet at the last Reveille, my boys.

Chorus.

Then pass round the bowl, etc.



TISHOMINGO HOTEL AND RAILROAD DEPOT. CORINTH, MISSISSIPPI.

From an original photograph, taken in the summer of 1862.

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